

Hopkinsville Kentuckian.

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MORNINGS, BY
CHAS. M. MEACHAM.

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212 SOUTH MAIN STREET.

The Weather.

FOR KENTUCKY—Generally fair
Tuesday.

The news paragrapher of the
Hopkinsville Kentuckian is doing his
paper an appreciated service just
now. Those news paragraphs, so
terse, framed, are now a feature of
that excellent every other day paper.
—Trenton Progress.

This is only one of the several new
features planned for the near future.
A complete change in the make-up
of the paper will be made in the
next issue and a new department
added.

While her fiancé, David Nathan,
was getting a marriage license for
the wedding that was to have taken
place in Chicago, Miss Annie
Neyberg, the bride-to-be, committed
suicide following a quarrel with
her prospective mother-in-law, who
on learning of the wedding plans
objected.

One of our esteemed contemporaries
in an adjoining county had a
very fine editorial page last week.
We know many of the paragraphs
were good, because we wrote them.
Take 'em brother, we are done with
'em after we've used 'em once.

Mrs. Jennie Wylie, the rich wife
of Rev. David G. Wylie, of New
York, left all of her money to her
husband upon condition that he
never marry again. He accepted
the condition.

A census of Augusta, Ga., taken
Sunday by volunteers, shows a population
of 41,295, or 3,469 more than
the government's figures. One district
was found which had not been
visited by the Federal enumerators.

A boarding house keeper in New
York, who held the trunk of one of
his boarders for debt eight years ago
has just opened the trunk and found
a human skeleton in it.

A workman bearing the name of
Thomas Bridges, fell from the High
Bridge on the Cincinnati Southern
railroad near Nicholasville and was
killed. He fell 687 feet.

Count Leo Tolstoi, the great Russian
author, died Saturday and his
funeral will take place to-day.

Even Republicans can afford to be
thankful. The Democrats might
have carried Pennsylvania.

Harvard and Yale played a score
less tie game of football Saturday.

Kentuckian Killed Out West.

Edward Morris, 42 years old, head
of a real estate company at Seattle
Washington, died Friday from the
effects of a pistol wound believed to
have been accidentally self-inflicted
while he was examining some old
revolvers, part of a collection he
had gathered. Morris went to
Seattle ten years ago from Kentucky.
He was the first mayor of Glasgow,
Ky.

Sold Her Sister.

Irene Struber, an American girl
16 years old, who married a Chinese
man in New York, sold her sister,
13 years old, to a friend of her husband's
who offered \$250 for a white
wife. Irene was sent to the penitentiary
and her sister to a reformatory.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the
diseased portion of the ear. There is only one
way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional
remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed
condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube.
When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or
imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed,
deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and
this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing
will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of
ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an
inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.
We will give One Hundred Dollars for any
case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that cannot
be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for
circulars free.

FROM CALF'S STOMACH

Badly Chewed Bills, Amount-
ing to \$118, Were Ex-
tricated.

Spartanburg, S. C., Nov. 17.—
While going milking Mrs. Luther
Calvert, who lives at Clinton, dropped
a pocket book containing five
twenty dollar bills, a ten, a five and
three ones, besides a silver quarter.
The money was missing an hour
later and thorough search revealed
the quarter, which showed signs of
having been chewed upon by a calf.
A young heifer in the yard had a
guilty look; and a veterinary sur-
geon was summoned. The roll was
extricated from the stomach of the
calf in a badly mutilated condition.
The bills were taken to a local bank
cashier, who sent them to Washing-
ton to be redeemed.

Saves an Iowa Man's Life

The very grave seemed to yawn
before Robert Mansen, of West Bur-
lington, Iowa, when, after seven
weeks in the hospital, four of the
best physicians gave him up. Then
was shown the marvelous curative
power of Electric Bitters. For, after
eight months of frightful suffering
from liver trouble and yellow jaun-
dice, getting no help from other
remedies or doctors, five bottles of
this matchless medicine completely
cured him. Its positively guaran-
teed for Stomach, Liver or Kidney
troubles and never disappoints.
Only 50c. at all druggists.

A Tender Victim.

The four-year-old son of Mr. and
Mrs. Lum Long, well known people
of the Rome neighborhood, Daviess
county, died Friday evening from
drinking half a pint of whisky.
In the morning, while the family
were out, he climbed to the mantel,
secured the bottle of whisky and
drank the contents. When found
he was in a stupor, from which he
never rallied.

Will Promote Beauty

Women desiring beauty get won-
derful help from Bucklen's Arnica
Salve. It banishes pimples, skin
eruptions, sores and boils. It makes
the skin soft and velvety. It glorifies
the face. Cures sore eyes, cold sores,
cracked lips, chapped hands. Best
for burns, scalds, fever sores, cuts,
bruises and piles. 25c at all drug
gists.

To Die Together.

At De Queen, Ark., a jury has re-
turned a verdict of murder in the
first degree against John Ford and
his wife, Leila, tried for the killing
of Wm. Nichols near that place on
September 30. Judge Cowling sen-
tenced both to be hanged on Jan-
uary 20.

The Fords were tenants of Nichols
who was a former member of the
Arkansas legislature.

Shall Women Vote?

If they did, millions would vote
Dr. King's New Life Pills the true
remedy for women. For banishing
dull, fagged feelings, backache or
headache, constipation, dispelling
colds, imparting appetite and toning
up the system, they're unequalled.
Easy, safe, sure, 25c at all druggists.

Hudie Campbell Caught.

Hudie Campbell, a notorious police
court negro, who has been wanted
for several months on a charge of
grand larceny, was picked up yester-
day by the police. Campbell was
charged with stealing a bolt of goods
from a local store.

Mrs. Cox Has Pneumonia.

Mrs. Nannie F. Cox is quite ill at
her home near Gracey. She had
been suffering from the grip since
last Thursday and pneumonia devel-
oped Sunday.

Corn \$2.50 A Barrel.

Corn is now plentiful at \$2.50 a
barrel, 76 pounds to the bushel. At
this price the best picked corn is be-
ing furnished, free of nubbins.

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AND CURE THE LUNGS**
WITH **DR. KING'S
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AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES.
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TWO
PROMISES

By Dorothy Blackmore

The dawn broke slowly over the
hills and the little bay nestling be-
low. In the colony of houseboats
scattered in the waters all was still
save a hammock that swung incess-
antly to and fro on the deck of one.
A woman half lay, half sat among
the cushions and watched the ten-
der lights of the new day play shyly
on the hill crests. The low, lapping
melody of the waves seemed subtly
to chant farewell to the gray shad-
ows that lifted, one by one, from the
green banks.

In the distance, as from the cup
of the hills, puffs of smoke rose and
the whistle of a train pierced the
air.

The woman started and clasped
the little one she held in her arms
more closely to her; she pressed her
tired cheek against the velvet of the
infant's own. She had sat thus all
through the night, rocking the in-
fant in her arms—waiting for the
dawn and the train whose blue-gray
smoke now mingled with the lights
of early morning.

Was he on that train? She
watched it crawl from among the
hills and creep along the edge of the
bank. It whistled—or did it moan?
—as it wound its tortuous way now
hidden from her sight now plainly
visible. Every turn of the wheels
brought the child's father closer.
She shivered and drew about her
the shawl that had all but slipped
from her shoulders.

The baby stirred in her arms as
if he, too, protested the arrival of
his father—the father he never had
seen. Born on this same houseboat,
he had been, all his short life, far
from the mines of Mexico where his
parent lived.

He opened his eyes and looked
into the only face he knew—the face
of the woman who had taken him
from his beautiful young mother.

The woman rose and descended
the narrow stairs to the tiny cabin
below. In an hour—perhaps less—
the man would come to take from
her the baby she loved. And yet—
she had promised the young mother
that she would send for him, and it
had seemed to her then to be right.
She had written the message to the
father so many miles away telling
him that his wife—whom he had
expected soon to join him—had died
when the son was born.

In the months that followed she
had kept the baby as her own; he
was her only solace in a life bereft
strangely of its all—her lover. Now,
this baby was to be taken from her
by a man who had never seen him.
She rebelled at the thought and
clasped the little fellow jealously to
her breast.

At every sound of oars or every
splash of water she started and
peered through the miniature win-
dows of the cabin across the harbor
to the landing nearest the railroad
station. She had written him—the
baby's father—explicit directions as
to how to reach them. She did not
want to meet him; she longed to
keep the baby for her own till the
very last minute.

Boats put out here and there
from one craft or another until the
busy little bay was alive with the
beginning of another day. Matu-
linal fishermen appeared and dropped
anchor; enthusiastic swimmers took
their morning plunge from nearby
houseboats and yachts; saucy little
launches plowed past with noise and
bustle, and odors of breakfast cof-
fee permeated the air.

At last from the dock a hired boat
put out and—the woman looked
closely—there was a man in the
stern. The boat headed toward the
tiny houseboat that had lain all
summer in the harbor. Yes—it was
the expected guest, and the woman
was possessed of an almost uncon-
trollable impulse to lower her own
small boat and flee with the baby.

She did not even go hospitably to
the stern to receive the stranger;
she had not once looked at him and
yet she felt him grasp the rail and
step aboard. Then she listened while
he paid his boatman, being assured
that it was the right place.

Yes—he stood behind her, even.
Then—she looked up.

"Rosamond!" the man cried.
The man clasped the baby until
he cried.

"You—Arthur Turnbull!" She
could say no more. Before her

stood—not the baby's father—but
her own once-betrothed lover.

"I came—for the baby," the man
said, not knowing where to begin.
"I promised Tom I would get the
little fellow. He—poor Tom—never
survived the shock of his wife's
death and he told me the nurse had
promised to keep him—care for him.
You—"

"I am the nurse," Rosamond said.
The man looked blankly at her.
There was much to explain—so
much to have made clear. He groped
for expression.

Rosamond fondled the baby—the
thought running riot in her brain
that she need not give him up, that
he was an orphan indeed and no one
had more claim than she. Then she
looked up at the man and a fleeting
something told her that the only two
things she cared for—and which she
thought a moment since had been
taken from her—had been restored,
though she seemed far from the man
beside her.

"You—were the nurse?" the man
was asking.

Rosamond nodded.

"And Marsdon? What of him?"
Did—did you not marry him?"

The woman shook her head. "I
did not marry anyone," she said.
"After father lost his money I
learned that Marsdon—as you call
him—did not care so much. It was
to add to his own already large for-
tune that he—he wanted to marry
me. I—I wasn't very old," she added,
wistfully.

"No," the man said, thoughtfully.
"We're older now. The life in the
mines in Mexico is not a cheerful
one; it gives a fellow much time
for reflection. It was there I met
poor old Tom Cuthbert. He used
to talk of his girl—his wife, whom
he had been forced to leave up here
until—well, until after this little



fellow had arrived. He told me all
about her, and dreamed night and
day of the time when they would
join him—his wife and baby. He
never was strong and the shock was
too much for him. He knew of—
well, of you—and of why I had left
home, and he asked me to come for
his son—and take care of him. Tom
has no people, you know. His fa-
ther had been an English army offi-
cer and his mother died when they
were all out in Africa. He was a
nomad, indeed."

"Baby's name is—Tom," Rosa-
mond said.

"Little Tom," the man echoed.
"And—he looked helplessly at the
infant—'what shall I do with him?'"

"He's mine!" cried the woman. "I
shall keep him; I love him too much
ever to let him go. He—he's all I
have."

"Rosamond," the man cried, as
he drew nearer to her.

The woman was silent.

"Rosamond," he repeated, and, as
if compelled to, she raised her eyes
to him. "I have not changed—not
one particle—in my thought of you.
Can you remember what that was?
I never said much but—you knew,
Rosamond? You knew how much I
cared—how very much, Rosamond?"

"I knew—then," she said, slowly.
"It is the same today," the man
repeated, "the very same."

And after a long silence the wom-
an said, "And the little fellow?"

"He is ours. We will both keep
our promises to his parents and
bring him up as our own."

HIS SUDDEN SUSPICION.

"Launcelot," murmured the maid,
"I wish you would join our church."

"Mildred," faltered the youth,
"does that mean that you don't want
me to be anything but a brother to
you?"

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